

Reunion

by Starbuck23

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Summary: Agents Mulder and Scully pursue a killer who believes he can reunite his victims with their dead family members

1. Part One

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>Author: Starbuck23
Rating: PG

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>
58210 KREEKBREY LANE, KIMSTON, NORTH CAROLINA

>OCTOBER 17TH 10:58PM

> Tap, tap, tap. Carilyn Meekham buried her head under her feather pillow wishing she could just disappear.

>Tap, tap, tap. "Do you think she's asleep?" whispered someone from behind the blue wooden door that Carilyn's father had helped her paint.

>"I hope so, the poor girl. She deserves some rest after a tragedy like this," whispered another voice.

>From under the big pillow, Carilyn recognized Aunt Mable's voice."Her whole life has been full of tragedies. First the baby dies after he was born, then her mother. After Sheila died, her father was all she had left. They had to have been very close. Now Marc is gone too."

>The voices slowly moved away from her bedroom door, growing dimmer and dimmer. Carilyn pulled her head out from under her pillow, wiping away the tears that still slid down her cheek. She glanced at the picture standing on the nightstand next to her bed. She reached out for the photo of her father, wishing he had not been in that drunk driving accident and praying that he was happy with the rest of her family in heaven.

>

>79331 GANDERSON RD, KIMSTON, NORTH CAROLINA
OCTOBER 26TH 7:23AM

>
 "Cari sweetie, are you positive you want to go to school today?" asked Aunt Mable for the tenth time that morning. "You don't have to go to school if you aren't up to it. Your teachers said you

can make up the work later."

>
 "Yes, Aunt Mable," said Carilyn softly, slowly pulling up the zipper of her jacket.

>
 Aunt Mable sighed. "Alright. But Cari, dear, if you feel like you need to come home just tell the teacher. Your teachers know, and they'll give me or Uncle Dan a call and one of us will come pick you up. Okay?"

>
 Carilyn nodded, not really listening to what was being said. She looked outside, wishing the clock to move faster, so she could get out of the house, away from her Aunt and everything else. She didn't really want to go to school. She just wanted to get away from her aunt, sick of her telling her that everything was okay, and that she will learn to live without her father. Carilyn knew that she could live without her father if she tried. But she didn't want to. It was too hard. Oh, why couldn't he be alive?

>
 Aunt Mable looked at her niece standing by the doorway, buried deep within her own thoughts and her heart went out to the girl. This didn't need to happen to poor little Cari. Enough had happened already. Sighing, she looked at the clock and realized that it was time for her to leave. "Cari sweetie, it's time for you to go, but are you positive you want to leave?"

>
 "Yes, Aunt Mable. Goodbye," said Carilyn, trying not to cry wishing that her aunt would stop calling her Cari. She hated when people shortened her name.

>

> The rest of the morning was a big blur for Carilyn. She sat through her classes and walked through the halls, not really paying attention to anything at all. Her friends tried to cheer her up, but they realized sooner or later that Carilyn just wanted to be alone.

>After school was over, Carilyn started walking towards Aunt Mable's house. She glanced down the road that would take her home, back to the house where she and her father had lived. Looking back at the school, and then towards the direction of Aunt Mable's house, Carilyn started towards home.

> A few minutes later, Carilyn stood at the front door, wishing she hadn't come at all. It was just too much for her. All the memories, good and bad were so strong here. She sat down on the front steps and cried. After maybe ten minutes, Carilyn realized that someone had come and sat down beside her. She looked up, wiping away her tears and brushing back her hair to see a man of maybe forty years of age with balding brown hair. He looked concerned for Carilyn.

> "Are you alright?" asked the man. Carilyn didn't answer.

> After a pause, the man said again, "Are you alright?"

>
 Carilyn whispered yes, and then shook her head.

>
 "You know, I can help you. I can help you feel better."

>
Carilyn stared at him. He was starting to sound like one of the many counselors that Aunt Mable and Uncle Dan brought her to.

>
"I'm sorry, my name is Allen, Allen Krotsky. I saw that you were upset so I came to see if you were okay."

>
 Seeing that he was kind, Carilyn answered, "Yes, thank you." Aunt Mable must have had him follow me after school, thought Carilyn angrily.

>
 Allen looked at her hard. Then said slowly, "Did someone very close to you die? Maybe one of your parents?" Part of a stupid act, she thought but nodded anyway. "I see," Allen said solemnly. "My parents died when I was young too." He paused. "But, I have a secret."

>
 Carilyn looked at him wearily and sniffed. "What?"
>
 There was silence for a moment. Then he said, "I can see them alive and well in a different place. And if I wanted to, I could bring them back into this world."
>
 Carilyn gave a tiny laugh. "Yeah, and I'm the queen of England."
>
 Allen exclaimed, "It's true! Why, I've even seen your father! And your mother!"
>
 Carilyn looked at him as if he had lost his mind. "That's how I knew where to find you, Carilyn! Your father, Marc, he told me where you would be! And your mother, Sheila too!"
>
 "H-how do you know my name?"
>
 "Why they told me. They also told me they want to see you again because you were so sad and lonely and they want you to help me bring them back to this world so they can be with you."
>
 There was silence as Carilyn let this all sink in. Then she said softly, "How?"
>
 "You see, I know of a special place where you can see the so called dead people. If you perform a special ritual, with the help of the dead person or persons' family member, you can bring them back." He patted Carilyn's shoulder. Carilyn thought about this. Hadn't she seen something like this on TV once? A girl- or a boy was reunited with his family who was in another world waiting to see their son- or daughter once again. On the Fox channel maybe...
>
 "Could you really bring them back?" asked Carilyn.
>
 "How 'bout you meet me tomorrow right here again after school is out, and I'll show you where the place is, okay?" Carilyn was quiet. "Then if you believe me, we will do the ritual and you can have your parents back with you." With a quick goodbye, Allen left. Carilyn looked after him as he disappeared down the road. Then she slowly got up and took one last look at the house before she started back towards Aunt Mable's.
>

>
58210 KREEKBREY LANE, KIMSTON, NORTH CAROLINA
>OCTOBER 26th 4:35PM

> "Carilyn, this is stupid," said Audrey Spencer nervously twirling her reddish-blond hair. Carilyn didn't reply. "Carilyn!"

> Suddenly, Carilyn turned to face her best friend and said fiercely, "Audrey, I never said you had to come. You don't know what it is like to be without your family, knowing that they are all gone. If you had a chance, even if it wasn't a very good one, to bring them back, you would do it. You don't know how it feels!"

> Ashamed, Audrey looked down at the ground. She should have kept quiet. This had been really hard for Carilyn, and she knew it. Audrey had never seen someone as close to her father as Carilyn and she knew that Carilyn would do anything for him.

> "I'm sorry, Aud," said Carilyn softly. "I didn't mean to shout at you. I- I just want this to be true. Even if it is just a joke, well, at least I tried. And he's a nice man anyway. He might need mental help, but... it was nice of him to notice that I was upset."

> Audrey nodded, thinking back to what Carilyn had told her last night over their first phone call since her father had died. Carilyn had sounded so hopeful. She didn't want to let her best friend down, so she had gone with her to meet Allen. "It's okay Carilyn," she said. "Um, hey, I have to go to the bathroom." Audrey looked around. I'm going to go into the house okay? I'll be right back."

> "Sure, but hurry up," said Carilyn. Audrey headed towards the side door of the house, knowing that it never locked right. She jiggled the handle and opened the door.

> A few seconds after Audrey vanished into the house, Carilyn saw

Allen walking quickly towards the house. He had a smile on his face as he approached her.

> "Alright, let's go. It's just a short walk," said Allen.

> "Wait, my friend is going to come with us. I need her there,"

> Allen frowned. "What? You told her?"

> "N-not much," stammered Carilyn, surprised by the sudden cold and accusing sound in his voice. "I just said that you could help me get my parents back!"

> Allen took a deep breath. "Okay, but we have to go now, I don't have much time."

> "But what about-"

> "Look Carilyn, if you want to see your parents, you need to go now. I don't have enough time to wait. I have a schedule."

> Reluctantly, Carilyn went with him. Audrey will understand, she thought. I might never have a chance again. I'll tell her everything tonight.

>They quickly walked down the street and into the wide field that was behind Heather Jordan's old home. Heather's mother had died a year ago and soon after the death, Heather and her family had moved away. They later heard that Heather had committed suicide near the spot where her mother used to take her when she was a little girl. After going through the field, they walked into an expanse of woods. In a little clearing, Carilyn saw a little pond. It was such a pretty sight and for a minute, Carilyn thought that it could be possible to have her parents back.

>
 Audrey came out of the house telling Carilyn that if the guy didn't show up soon, they should leave. Then Audrey realized that Carilyn wasn't there anymore. She looked down the street and saw Carilyn and a man turning the corner onto Heather Jordan's old street. Groaning, Audrey started running after the two, wondering why they didn't wait for her.

>
 Carilyn looked at Allen. "What now?" she asked.

>
 "Are you ready to do this now?" He asked her.

>
 Carilyn nodded quickly.

>
 "You're sure," he said.

>
 Again she nodded.

>

>Allen walked over to a stump and lifted up the top. To Carilyn's surprise, it was hollow.

>Allen took out a small black pouch and scissors. He gave the scissors to Carilyn and told her to cut off some strands of hair. Then he started chanting in what Carilyn thought to be German. As Carilyn snipped off some hair, she closed her eyes and prayed that she would be reunited with her family once again.

>

>WASHINGTON D.C
OCTOBER 27TH 9:07AM

>
 Plop. "What's this?" asks Scully looking at the thick folder Mulder dropped on the desk.

>
 "Our new case," Mulder replies searching his pockets for his supply of sunflower seeds.

>
Scully opens up the folder and leafs through, scanning the text for information. "Eight girls from ages ten to fourteen murdered, each of their bodies found at their deceased parent or parents' grave. All eight from the states of North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, or West Virginia."

>
"Actually," said Mulder, pausing to pop a few seeds in his mouth, "nine now. There was another murder yesterday, a thirteen year old girl from North Carolina. Skinner has already notified the law enforcement there that we will be arriving shortly."

>
"When does our flight leave?"
>
"In a couple hours, why?"
>
"Never mind,"
>
"Okay then," said Mulder as he pulled up the collar of his coat.
"See you later then."
>
As the door closes, Scully sighs and says softly, "See you
later."
>

>
KIMSTON, NORTH CAROLINA
>1:28 PM

> "Here you are," the officer opens the door to the interview room
and Mulder and Scully step in.

> "Thank you," Scully calls after him as he walks away. Scully turns
around to see Mulder already focused on the thirteen year old
red-head sitting in the center of the room.

> "Agents Mulder and Scully?" The officer kneeling next to the girl
stood up. Mulder nods.

> "I'm sheriff Jim Harrison, I talked with you Agent Mulder over the
phone?"

> "That's right," says Mulder.

> "Who is this girl?" asks Scully looking concerned. Harrison looks
at the girl who's shoulders shook as she cried quietly.

> "This is Audrey Spencer. She found her friend murdered in the woods
not too far from here." The sheriff, about to say more, turns around
as the officer who led Mulder and Scully in, pops in the doorway.

> "Sheriff," he says, "Mrs. Saunders on the phone."

> Harrison looks at Mulder and Scully apologetically. "I'm sorry. See
if you can get anything out of her. She's been too upset to say a word
to anyone. Not even her parents."

>
 Scully sighs as she watches the sheriff leave. Mulder kneels
down next to Audrey, resting his hand on the back of her chair.

>
 "Audrey, are you alright?" he says softly. She didn't answer.
"Audrey, my name is Fox Mulder. I'm with the FBI. This is my partner
Dana. We're here to help you. We want to help you find the person who
killed your friend. But to do that, we need you to talk to us." More
silence. Mulder sighs. "Audrey, we can't do anything unless you help
us. We want to find this guy. He needs to be punished for what he
did." Mulder pauses, waiting for a reaction. Audrey's sobs quiet, but
she keeps her face in her hands.
>
 "Audrey," says Scully softly, walking up next to the girl. She
puts her hand on her back. "Audrey, this person didn't just kill your
best friend. This killer, he killed eight other innocent girls. Girls
that had a future and other people that cared about them just as much
as you care for your friend."
>
 Audrey looks up. Scully sympathizes for her. Her tear streaked
face reminded her about how she felt when her father died, and later
her sister.
>
 Slowly, Audrey drew a shaky breath. Then said in a quiet, weak
voice, "I saw the murder." Immediately, Scully wished she could have
been the one to have seen the horror instead of the poor little girl
who did not need to have been exposed to something so terribly
gruesome.
>
 "What happened? Could you tell us?" asks Mulder.
>
 "I-I-" and she breaks down in sobs again, shuddering.
>
 Sighing, Scully shifts her position. "Mulder, let her rest. It
must have been horrific to have seen your best friend murdered. We
can talk to her again later."
>
 Mulder nods, "Maybe we should go down to see the body."

>
 "Yeah," says Scully going to the door to head out. "I need to do the autopsy anyway."

>

>
7:39 PM

>
 "This is Carilyn Meekham, age thirteen. She was murdered October 26th, 1999 - just yesterday afternoon." Scully snaps on her latex gloves and prepares to start.

>
 "I will start with the external examination," Scully looks over the body of the thirteen-year old, trying not to think that this was a living, breathing girl with hopes and dreams just a day ago. "There is a large bruise on the back of the head, most likely inflicted by the killer-" Scully pauses to look at the notes Mulder left for her. "Police reports say that the killer used a large rock found by the body of the victim."

>
Scully pauses for a minute. "There are no other bruises on the front of the body."

>
Turning the body over, Scully took in a sharp breath. "There are three large gash wounds, most probably done with a large knife. The wounds are what must have killed her, one of the gashes goes through the spinal cord. The victim had lost a significant amount of blood."

>
Chiiiiirrrp! Chiiiiirrrp! Chiiiiirrrp! Chiiiiirrrp!

>
 Scully turned to the counter next to her and picked up her cell phone. "Scully."

>
 "Hey, Scully," said Mulder on the other end of the line. "Are you done with the autopsy yet?"

>
 "No, I just started a little while ago. Why?"

>
 "Oh, well when you're done, get down to Audrey Spencer's home. Audrey's parents were just attacked, her father is in serious condition."

>
 "What? Who attacked them?" said Scully in alarm.

>
 "I'm thinking Carilyn Meekham's killer if he knew Audrey had witnessed what had happened."

>
 "Is the girl alright?"

>
 "Yeah, she wasn't home when it happened. Can you get over here soon?"

>
 "Yeah, Mulder. I'll be there as soon as I finish up with this autopsy."

>

>
 Click.

>
 Audrey looked at Agent Mulder from underneath her mother's grip as he finished up his conversation with his partner. Sniffing, she decided that she was going to tell them everything that happened. It was all her fault that this had happened. If she hadn't decided not to say anything about the man before, her father might not be in the hospital now, and her mother wouldn't have the terrible bruises and cuts. And maybe if she had spoken up a year ago, maybe Carilyn wouldn't be dead either. And even Heather.

>
559124 KUECHEN LANE SPENCERS' RESIDENCE

>9:42 PM

> "Mulder?" calls out Scully as she walks through the open front door.

> "In Here, Scully," Mulder's voice floats out from the kitchen.

> "What's going on?" asks Scully as she enters the brightly lit room. "I just saw an ambulance leave this street.

> "Mrs. Spencer had just collapsed. The EMTs found an injection puncture on her, we're thinking it's from the attack. The injection the killer gave her must have just started working a few minutes

ago."

> Scully looked at the girl sitting beside Mulder. She sat there, staring blankly at the wall showing no emotion.

> "What about her?" asked Scully, looking at Audrey.

> "She will have to spend the night with us at the motel. She doesn't have any relatives that live near by and even if she did, we wouldn't want her to stay. The killer might go looking for her."

> Scully nodded. "Audrey, do you think you can go get some of your stuff together? We should leave soon. You'll probably need to get enough clothes and things for a few days. We don't know when we'll come back here."

> "Okay," the girl's voice was barely audible.

> "I'll join you in a few minutes," said Scully.

> As Audrey left the room, Scully sat down in her place. "Mulder, how long will she be staying? It's not a good idea for her to stay with us since we'll be working most of the time. We need to find her a more suitable place to stay."

> Mulder shrugged. "I don't know. I guess it depends. There aren't really that many places she can stay right now. I'll ask them to find a place for her as soon as possible, but it looks like you're gonna have a room mate for a while. You don't mind, do you Scully?"

> "No, it'll be fine." Scully paused a minute. "How is her father doing?"

> Mulder winced. "Not too good. He's in pretty bad shape. The attacker got him good, but his condition is stable, so he might make it."

> Scully nodded, saddened by the news. "I'd better go check on her now."

> "Okay," said Mulder getting up out of his seat. "I'll go start the car."

> Scully got up and tossed Mulder the keys to their rental car. Then she walked down the hall, peeking into rooms to see if Audrey was in any of them. As she went up a flight of stairs, she paused to look at the pictures hanging on the wall. Scully smiled, thinking of her own childhood as she looked at the happy people in the photographs. As she scanned the pictures, she stopped to look at a picture of Audrey and her parents. They were at a zoo or carnival of some kind smiling happily at the camera. Scully felt sorry for the girl, her life had changed so dramatically from the past few days.

> The sound of a opening door brought drew Scully away from her thoughts and she quickly climbed the last of the stairs.

> "Audrey?"

> From inside the room, Audrey looked up, startled. She quickly walked away from what she was standing over, and walked out of the room, shutting the door.

> "Are you done getting your things together?"

> "Not yet."

> "Well, you should get your stuff now. Agent Mulder is getting ready to leave," she put her hand on the door knob of the room Audrey had just come out of. "Is this your room? I'll help you if you need me to."

> "No," Audrey said quickly. "That's my parents' room. I was getting a pair of my mother's earrings." She opened up her clenched hand and showed Scully the pretty silver earrings. "They were her favorite."

> Scully nodded. "Let's go get your stuff."

> Audrey led the way down the hall. Scully followed her into the bedroom. As Audrey grabbed a duffel bag and began putting clothes inside, Scully looked around the room. By what Scully could tell, Audrey had a happy, normal life. Again Scully saw pictures of

Audrey's happy family. There were also pictures of people who had to be her friends. A lot of pictures, Scully noted, were of Audrey and Carilyn Meekham. Scully sighed, remembering the autopsy she had done just hours earlier. It depressed her to think that that girl had such a happy life before all of this happened.

> Scully turned away from the picture of the girls and found Audrey just about ready to leave. She followed her out of the bedroom and stayed out in the hall as Audrey went into the bathroom to grab a few things. Then Audrey came back out and hurried back into her room. Moments later, she came back out with a picture of her parents and a picture of Carilyn in her hands.

> "Ready to go?" asked Scully.

> Audrey nodded. "Yeah, I think so."

> "Okay, come on." The two left the house without anymore words.

Before she locked and shut the front door, Audrey looked back, wishing that things were just the way they were before Carilyn had been murdered. Audrey gulped, holding back her tears and shut the door, joining Scully at the car where Mulder was waiting patiently.

>

>FRED'S KOMFY MOTEL
11:21 PM

>
 Scully looked at Audrey who was sitting on one of the twin beds, hugging her knees. The poor girl looked like a scared eight year old, instead of a fourteen year old. Scully sighed and sat down next to her.

>
 "Are you doing okay?" she asked softly.

>
 Audrey didn't reply.

>
 "I know you must feel awful and so alone. I know I would if I my parents were in a hospital and I was stuck with some people that I didn't know." Scully paused, waiting to see if she would say anything. She didn't. "I wish I could do something to make you feel better. Is there anything you want to talk about?"

>
 Scully didn't think she was going to answer, but to her surprise, she did. "Why did this have to happen?" Audrey's voice was trembling. "Why did Carilyn have to die? Why did mom and dad have to go to the hospital? They didn't do anything! Carilyn didn't do anything. I didn't do anything!" Audrey stopped, wiping away the falling tears that she had held back all afternoon and evening.

>
 "Audrey, I don't know why they all were hurt, but I do know that it was wrong. The person who did this will be put to justice. He will go to jail. He will. Agent Mulder and I will be sure of that." Audrey nodded, sniffing. Scully put her arm around the girl's shoulders. Still weeping, Audrey rested her head on Scully's shoulder, taking comfort from her.

>
 There was a knock on the door and Audrey lifted her head. Scully got up and Audrey went to the bathroom to wash her face. Opening the door, Scully found Mulder at the door holding their late night dinner.

>
 "Chicken?" she said making a face. She could still remember their visit to the Chaco Chicken Factory.

>
 Mulder grinned. "It was either chicken or barbecued ribs."

>
 Scully gave Mulder a smile and helped him in.

>

>
 After converting the nightstand in between Scully and Audrey's bed into a makeshift dinning table, Audrey, Mulder, and Scully settled down and started devouring the food. Audrey was surprised to find that she was actually hungry even after the day's events.

>
 After a few moments of eating in silence, Mulder thought it was a good time to bring up the murder. He cleared his throat.

>
 "Audrey," he said. The girl looked up from her place. "Do you want to tell us what you know about the murder of Carilyn Meekham now?"

>
 "Mulder-" Scully began.

>
 "No, it's okay. Better now than never," said Audrey meekly.

>
 Scully sighed. "Are you sure? While you're eating?"

>
 Audrey nodded. "What do you want me to tell you?"

>
 "Everything," said Mulder. "Anything you know will help us."

>
 "Why don't you start with how this all began," said Scully helpfully.

>
 "Well," she said slowly. She paused not sure about what to say. "It was the day after Carilyn started going to school again after her Dad had died. It was about a week after the funeral. Carilyn was still really upset and didn't want to be bothered. But then, she called me that night and told me that she had a chance to see her parents again." Audrey paused and looked at Mulder and Scully. "I know it sounds crazy. I thought so too, but Audrey sounded so hopeful and I didn't want her to feel so sad again." Scully nodded. "Carilyn told me to meet her at her father's house the next afternoon after school to meet the guy who could help her, so I did. After waiting for a while, I had to go to the bathroom. I went into the house-

>
 "You went inside the house?" cut in Mulder.

>
 "The side door doesn't lock," explained Audrey. Mulder nodded and she continued. "When I

>
 came back out, she was gone. I saw her going somewhere with a guy and I followed them. They stopped in the woods and..." she trailed off there.

>
 Scully put a comforting hand on her shoulder.

>
 "Did she mention any names to you?" asked Mulder.

>
 "Umm, I'm not sure..." she said. "I think... wait. I think she said the guy's name was Allen or something."

>
 "Allen," said Scully. "Anything else?"

>
 Audrey shook her head. "No."

>
 "Audrey, did this... Allen person see you after he- killed Carilyn?"

>
 "I'm not sure." Audrey looked at her hands in her lap. "He hit her on the head with a rock, and then... he had a pair of scissors. He stabbed her in the back with them. I- I tried not to scream or make any noise. I don't know if I did or not. I ran after I saw that."

>
 Scully noticed Audrey looked a little pale and sick. She didn't blame her. She herself felt sickened too.

>
 "I think that should be good enough for now," said Mulder pushing his dinner away. Scully and Audrey did the same.

>

>OCTOBER 28th 11:21 AM

> "Scully?" said Mulder as he walked into the motel room. He had just gotten back from the scene of the murder.

> Scully pushed back her chair and sighed. "There has got to be over thirty 'Allen's on this list I got from DC this morning, Mulder, and that is after I've crossed off the ones that couldn't possibly have been the murderer."

> Mulder looked at Audrey. "Can you remember what he looked like?" he asked her.

> "All ready tried that," said Scully rubbing her forehead.

> "Can you remember anything else about him?" He sighed when Audrey shook her head. "Wonderful," he groaned. "I guess we'd better start checking around then, huh?"

> Scully got up from her chair. "I guess so," she said.

> Mulder turned to Audrey again. "I would think that you'd be rather happy about missing school, but after a few hours of doing what we're doing, you'll wish you were taking a math exam instead."

>
1:32 PM

>
 Audrey sighed as she stared out the car window. Mulder was right. She would have taken a math exam instead of driving around all morning with the two FBI agents. Not that she didn't like them, but she was getting tired of being in a car and listening to Scully trying to give Mulder directions.
>
 "Let's stop for lunch," said Mulder finally. "We need a break." Scully agreed with him.
>
As they drove around trying to find a decent restaurant, Audrey gave a yelp from the back street.
>
"What is it?" asked Scully turning around in her seat.

>
"Go back, go back!" said Audrey frantically.
>
"Did you see Ricky Martin or something?" asked Mulder making a U-turn.
>
"Funny," said Audrey absentmindedly. "No, turn onto that road, right there," directed Audrey. Mulder turned and she studied the row of stores on the street. "Wait, other street," she muttered and pointed to an intersection. "Turn left there," she instructed, racking her brain.
>
"What is it?" asked Scully again.
>
"Stop, there. Right there," said Audrey, proud that she had actually remembered.
>
 Mulder and Scully looked at the bookstore she was pointing at and then turned to look back at Audrey in the backseat waiting for an explanation.
>
"About a year ago, I saw the same man here, at this bookstore," said Audrey. "But it wasn't the first time I saw him." She looked down at her hands, avoiding Mulder and Scully's eyes. "I know I should have told you before, but I didn't think..."
>
"Well, at least you're telling us now," said Scully.

>
Audrey nodded. "Last year, there was this girl named Heather Jordan. Her mom died from cancer and about a week later, she supposedly committed suicide. But after I saw the man who killed Carilyn, I realized that I saw him around Heather's old house before she died. The day before she died, Carilyn and I were in this part of town and saw Heather come into this store. We followed her in because we wanted to talk to her. We saw her talk to a man who was working inside this store. It was the same man who killed Carilyn."

>
"Why didn't you tell anyone about this?" asked Mulder.

>
"We- we didn't think of it. It didn't seem to have anything to do with Heather. We thought he must have been a friend or something."

>

>The trio headed into the musty looking bookstore. It was empty. The sound of the tinkling bell from above the door echoed loudly in the dim room.

>"Hello?" called out Mulder. "Anyone here?"

>Silence answered him.

>"Friendly place, isn't it?" said Mulder to no one in particular.

>Scully walked down the aisles glancing at the books on the shelves looking for some kind of clue that could help them.

>"Scully's nightmare," muttered Mulder sneezing from the thick dust as he headed towards a back door behind the checkout counter. Audrey, feeling very useless, went behind the checkout counter. She peered and peeked inside some boxes feeling anger boil up inside of her. She spied a little shelf almost hidden behind a bunch of boxes filled with strangely titled books and pushed the box away roughly as if she was pushing the man who killed her friend himself.

>On the shelf she found a big stack of newspapers. As she skimmed the print, she discovered that they were from all over the state of North Carolina. She also realized that they were all obituaries. She pulled back part of the stack and looked at the date: October 13th. Audrey's heart beat faster as she looked at the little hole that was cut on that page.

>"What did you find?" Scully's voice made Audrey jump and her heart skip a few beats. "Sorry," she said with a small smile accompanying the apology.

>Audrey gave a half-smile in return. "I- is this what I think it is?"

>Scully's eyes narrowed as she looked at the newspapers that Audrey held in the dim light. Her eyes scanned across the paper and stopped at the empty space between the names Leroy and Melkin. Her mouth opened slightly about to call out Mulder's name when Mulder's own voice startled her.

>"Hey, Scully," Mulder's voice sounded from the next room behind them. "Come look at this."

>Scully took the newspapers from Audrey and followed Mulder's voice into what seemed like the storage room. Audrey followed behind her, her mind racing.

>At first all there was were boxes and boxes full of books with the same strange titles in the store, but farther back, Scully and Audrey found Mulder paging through an old, thick book.

>"Look at this, Scully," Mulder said, not looking up from the book he held. Inside the margins and in-between the lines of the book were what looked like notes. Some were scribbled in hastily as if the writer was in a hurry, others were carefully and cautiously written in.

> "Are all of the pages filled?" Scully asked.

> "No," said Mulder. "They seem to skip around a lot. Most of the first ten pages are filled though. I haven't read through them yet."

> Scully flipped open to the first page. "Mulder, these pages are stuck together and there is something in-between the two pages." She tried to get her fingernail between the two pages hoping to get the two pages unstuck, but it didn't work. As Mulder took the book to see if he could get the pages apart, Audrey noticed a slip of paper slipping out between some pages farther along in the book. She pointed it out and Mulder opened up to the page taking the little slip of newspaper in his hand along with some strands of dark brown hair that was also put in-between the pages.

> "Penny Whicks," read Mulder. "Died Saturday afternoon..." he skimmed through the short paragraph. "...leaving behind her sister Margaret and father Jared."

> "Mulder, look," said Scully pointing down at the open page. "Sorber's Park, 3:57PM..." Scully's voice faded as she read on from the notes scribbled in. A second later, Scully snapped her head up from her reading. "Mulder, this man has killed before. This is his

record of all of his murders!"

> "You're right. And this must be the date," said Mulder pointing at the page number with an additional set of numbers written in next to it. "page 315... 98... Margaret Whicks must have been murdered March 15th, 1998."

> "That was a couple years ago, Mulder! How many people has this man killed?"

> "The obituaries must be how he finds his victims," theorized Mulder.

> "It is," Scully said handing him the stack of newspapers. "Go to page 1013 Mulder, I have a feeling Mr. Meekham's obituary will be there."

> Scully was right. And in the margins of page 1013 were notes on Carilyn's death. Audrey turned away from the book.

> "Mulder, there must be fingerprints on this book. We should get it analyzed."

> Mulder nodded. "We should also check out this thing on Margaret Whicks and see how many other victims he had."

> The two headed out of the room discussing how they would use up the remainder of the day. They turned around when they realized that Audrey wasn't behind them.

> "I'll be there in a minute," she said.

> "Are you sure?" said Scully uncertainly.

> Audrey nodded. Mulder shrugged and the two headed out.

> Now by herself, Audrey looked at the desk that was scattered with papers. She closed her eyes trying to imagine the man that worked here. How could have he killed Carilyn and Heather? What sort of horrible thing could make someone do something like this?

>Audrey sighed and started leaving when a photograph caught her eye. It was behind the desk. Mulder must have sent it flying off the desk when he picked up the book or shuffled some papers. She bent over and picked it up. The picture contained a big, happy looking family. In the corner of the photograph was a date: 1121/66. She set the picture down on a shelf nearby and spotted a small hand gun on the floor. She picked it up and put it in her coat pocket making a mental note to give it to Mulder and Scully later. Then she turned and hurried out of the room after the two agents.

>

>

>6:39 PM

> Mulder rubbed his eyes and slammed the book cover down scattering his semi-neat mound of sunflower seed shells. If he had read correctly over the past three hours, this murderer, Allen Krotsky as Scully had identified earlier from the fingerprints from the book, had a grand total of fifteen murders in all. Heather Jordan and Carilyn Meekham along with another girl, Jessie Sorts, were the latest few. And now Mulder knew all about them, every single detail. But now, Mulder also knew why Krotsky killed. After carefully prying the two stuck pages apart with a little help from Scully's nail file, Mulder found a newspaper clipping neatly folded in-between the two pages. The clip was fairly large because it contained a photograph of a large family. The tell-tale clipping told of a fire during a family get-together in 1966. Out of the thirty people there, only three survived. And one of the three happened to be Allen Krotsky at age thirteen.

> After a little more research, Mulder found out that within a month from a fire, the other two children, Krotsky's cousins, had committed suicide out of mourning for their dead family members, too upset to go on. After that, Allen Krotsky was the only living member of his

entire family. Mulder theorized that after Krotsky's two cousins had killed themselves, Krotsky came to believe that everyone wanted to be reunited with their dead family members and he was left alive to help them do so. He preyed on the mourning children of people's whose deaths had been put into the newspaper.

> Mulder looked at his watch. It was almost time for Scully and Audrey to be back at the motel. Mulder had noticed that Scully had grown close to the girl, almost as if she had temporarily taken the place of the girl's mother. The two could chat endlessly with each other as if they had known each other since the beginning of time. If this was a bad or good thing, Mulder couldn't decide.

>
 Audrey undressed and stepped into the steaming hot shower, the water slowly warming her cold, numb body. What had seemed like a nice warm day had slowly turned into a chilly, windy evening. Sighing contentedly, she wiped away the water from her eyes and started to shampoo her hair. After the day's activities, from driving endlessly in a car, to finding the bookstore, to identifying Krotsky and interviewing some of his other victim's families, Audrey was very tired. The scent of the shampoo Scully had lent her was very relaxing and soothing. Audrey hoped that she would be able to sleep better tonight. Last night, she fought off nightmares about Carilyn's murder and her mother and father's assault. Agent Scully had kindly woken her up and comforted her until she fell asleep again, but Audrey didn't want Scully to have to get up in the middle of the night again just because she was having bad dreams like a six-year old.

>
 Through the sound of the running water, Audrey heard a thump and the sound of a door opening. She froze and wondered who it could be. Mulder had gone out to get dinner, promising not to get chicken again, and Scully was in Mulder's motel room using his shower so it couldn't be either of them. Besides, neither had a key to the motel room. Scully had told Audrey to let her in when she knocked. She washed away as much shampoo in her hair as she possibly could in about five seconds. Then leaving the water running, she stepped into her bathrobe. Her eyes wandered around the tiny bathroom looking for something to defend herself with and landed on the small handgun she had found earlier laying next to the sink. Thankful that she had forgotten to give to Mulder and Scully, she gripped it, but cursed herself for not knowing how to use it. But who would expect a thirteen year old girl to know how to use a handgun? But she probably wouldn't even need to use it. I probably just imagined something, she thought.

> I'm being silly. Maybe spending all of my time with the two FBI agents is making me really paranoid or something.

> Her heart thumping wildly, she slowly opened the bathroom door and peered into the room. There was no one there! It must be my imagination, thought Audrey silently scolding herself for being so paranoid and slipped the handgun into the pocket of her robe. About to turn back to her shower, a strong hand from behind clasped around her mouth and another grabbed her arms. Panicked, Audrey struggled to fight the intruder. But he was too strong and she only grew tired. As she was dragged out the door of the motel room, and into a vehicle, Audrey's shrieks and cries for help were muffled from her abductor's hand and the strong wind blowing in the dark of the night.

>

> "Audrey?" called Scully when she saw the open door of her motel room. She walked quickly from Mulder's motel room to the one she shared with the thirteen-year old girl. Scully felt her heart rate quicken and tried to calm herself by thinking that maybe Audrey had gone out for some air and forgot to close the door. "Audrey?" she

said again, this time her voice was straining. Nothing. No reply.

> Scully flung herself into the room, her wet hair splashing water across her face. "Oh God, no," she whispered. The bathroom door was wide open and Scully could hear the sound of water splashing in the shower. Without having to check, Scully knew that she wasn't in the shower. Scully rushed over to her coat pocket and whipped out her cell phone.

> "This is Special Agent Scully I need to speak to the sheriff right away..."

>

> "What's going on?" Mulder asked a police officer walking by as he stepped out of his car. Mulder had been following the squad car since he had turned onto the road back to the motel. The officer ignored him and joined his colleagues who owned the other two squad cars in the parking lot. Mulder overheard one of the two officers filling in the newcomer about a missing girl as they sauntered into Scully's motel room. With his worst suspicions confirmed, he picked up the bucket of chicken from the passenger seat and strode quickly into the now crowded room.

> "Mulder!" Scully was relieved to see her partner walk into the room.

> "What happened?" asked Mulder.

>
"She was taking a shower in here and I was showering in your room. I don't know when she was taken, but when I got back about fifteen minutes or so later, I found the door wide open and she was gone. The only thing missing here besides her is her bathrobe."

>
 "Do you think-"

>
 "Yes, I think that Krotsky kidnapped her. No one else would have any interest in her."

>
Mulder glanced at the police officers, who were now about ready to leave. "Have they found anything yet?"

>
Scully shook her head. "They've searched for fingerprints, but the only sets they could find were Audrey's, yours, the maid's, and my own. I've filled them in on what has happened in this case so far, but I don't think they'll be much help to us or Audrey."

>
"Surprise, surprise," muttered Mulder who got a "look" from Scully in return.

>
"Ma'am," the officer interrupted the two nervously. He had seen the "look" Mulder had just received from Scully and was afraid he would get it too if he wasn't too careful. "We're ready to leave, we'll call you and fill you in on anything we find, alright?" Scully nodded. Relieved, the officer scurried out of the room after his comrades.

>
Scully sat down on one of the beds and sighed. "What have you found on Krotsky so far?"

>
Mulder sat down next to her and summarized what he had learned during the time he spent researching on Krotsky and his victims.

>
"So basically," said Scully after hearing Krotsky's past, "Krotsky thinks he's doing good, which means he'll do it again. That means Audrey has little chance of living if we don't find her soon, if it isn't already too late."

>
Mulder nodded. "Hell of a reunion, huh?"

>
Scully rubbed her eyes. "Well, I guess we'd better start then huh?" Mulder nodded. "But where?"

>
 "Hmmm," Mulder thoughtfully looked out the window. "Maybe someplace that has significance to Audrey or himself... how about

Carilyn's murder site?"

>
 "Good enough for me," said Scully getting up to put on her coat.

>
 As the two headed out the door, Mulder realized that he still was holding their dinner. "Hey Scully, hungry?"

>
Scully looked at the bucket in his arms. "Chicken again?" she groaned. "I'd rather eat my gun."

>

> End of Part 1
 Continued in Reunion (Part 2)

>

2. Part Two

Title: Reunion (Part 2/2)

>Author: Starbuck23
Rating: PG

>Spoilers: none
Disclaimer: Mulder, Scully, Skinner, and the X Files belongs to Chris Carter, etc...

>Feedback is always good!!!

>

>11:13 PM

> Audrey woke up feeling dizzy and nauseated. She squeezed her eyes shut and took long shallow breaths, trying to make the feeling go away. After a few unsuccessful minutes, she realized that she was cold. She opened her eyes and tried to sit up, but a wave of nausea made her surrender back to the cold, hard floor she had been laying on.

> "Awake?"

> Audrey slowly turned her head towards the male voice.

> "Good. Here, drink this." A man's figure stepped out of the shadows of the room with a cup in his hand. He helped her sit up and let her sip the water in the cup.

> After a minute or two, Audrey felt well enough to speak.

> "What do you want with me?"

> "You must miss your friend dreadfully, Carilyn," the man said, not answering the question.

> Audrey sat, silent.

> "My name is Alan, I can help you. I can reunite you with her, Audrey. You won't ever have to go another day missing her again. I can heal you pain."

> "You-- you're nuts," Audrey said, shivering in the robe she was wearing.

> Krotsky shook his head as if pitying her.

> "You don't understand Audrey, but you will. You will understand when you see Carilyn again."

> Afraid for her life, Audrey desperately tried to think of what to do and what to say. "Wh-when will I see her again?" she asked, her voice quivering.

> "Tonight," Krotsky said walking out of the room. "Tonight."

> As the door shut, Audrey prayed that Mulder and Scully would find her before it was too late.

>

>

> Scully sighed impatiently as they sat in front of the stoplight. For the past few hours they had searched the entire town and parts of the neighboring cities. They even revisited Krotsky's store about four times and they had found nothing. Scully had also scoured the phone and address book for Kimston and the surrounding cities but hadn't found any one under the name Alan Krotsky.

> "What if it's too late Mulder? What if we don't get to her in time?" Scully let the thick phone book slide to the floor of the car and rested her head against the window.

> "Scully, we'll find her. We have to. And we'll find her alive. I'm sure of it. She's a strong girl. She'll be able to stall Krotsky until we find her."

> "If we find her."

> Mulder starred out into the dark road. It wasn't like his partner to be so pessimistic. "Scully... you know that it's not your fault Audrey was taken."

> Scully sighed and almost laughed at the irony of his statement. Wasn't she the one who was supposed to be saying that to him? "I know, Mulder. But I still feel so guilty. I shouldn't have left her alone."

> "Scully, she was taking a shower. And so were you."

> "But if I waited for her and then took my shower-"

> "Krotsky still could have kidnapped her while you were in the shower. Or if you were doing anything else."

> After a minute of silence Scully nodded. "You're right. I have to stop blaming myself. If I don't watch it, I'll turn into you."

> "Is that supposed to be an insult?" Mulder grinned.

> "Maybe."

> Mulder watched as the corners of Scully's mouth turned to a smile. Glad that he made her feel a little better, he turned his eyes back to the road wondering where to go next.

>

> Audrey snapped her head up as she heard a door open. Since her eyes were adjusted to the dark, she could see the room she was held captive in. Even in the dark without any of the furniture in it, she recognized it as Carilyn's old basement before she moved in with her aunt and uncle. She could see the man, Alan, hiding something behind his back.

> "What are you doing?" Audrey asked frantically.

> "You're going to see Carilyn again, Audrey. Aren't you glad?" Krotsky said as he walked towards her. "Lets go. Get up."

> "N-no, I won't go," Audrey backed herself into the wall.

> "You need to see Carilyn again, Audrey! Don't torture yourself, stop grieving for her. You don't have to! You can see her!"

> "Leave me alone, you're crazy!" Audrey cried out as she scuttled away from him.

> "Lets go," he said more sternly. This time he showed what he was hiding behind his back. "Get up."

> Audrey gulped and slowly got to her feet, never taking her eyes off the huge knife that was held menacingly in front of her.

>

> Wonderful, thought Audrey as she shuffled down the dark street with Krotsky behind her holding the knife. Not only was she freezing, starving, and thirsty. Now she was going to be wet too. It had begun drizzling and the slight wind made the air even chillier. Now I'm going to catch cold or the flu, she thought miserably as she tripped over the curb. That is if I'm still alive.

> She recognized the street Krotsky had brought her to. He was taking her back to the little pond where Carilyn had been murdered. With all of the homes around, Audrey knew that if she screamed someone would hear her and come out to check. She wished she could, even if Alan would plunge that knife into her, but he had gagged her and the cloth that was stuffed into her mouth was choking her.

> As they came upon the spot Krotsky intended to stop, Audrey felt sick. I'm too young to die! She thought almost beginning to cry.

> Choking back her tears, Audrey thought of Mulder and Scully and hoped that they were looking for her. Ducking under the yellow police tape as Alan told her to, she begged the Lord to have Scully and Mulder find her.

> Telling her not to make a noise, Krotsky undid the gag. Audrey coughed instead. Her mouth was parched.

> As Krotsky turned to the tree stump near the pond, Audrey suddenly decided to run. She got as far as the police tape before she tripped over a tree root and fell to the ground. Krotsky was on her in less than a minute. He dragged her back to the pond sat her in front of the stump. She sat still, the knife was pressed against the back of her neck.

> After what seemed like an eternity, Krotsky found what he was looking for, the scissors.

> "This is it," he whispered. "You'll never have to grieve over your friend again."

> Audrey winced as he snipped off a chunk of her auburn hair knowing what was coming next. Alan's words echoed in her mind, "This is it."

>

> Mulder glanced over at Scully who was staring out the window and sighed. They hadn't had any luck at all in their search and Mulder was afraid that his partner had given up hope. After driving around well into the night Scully had decided to stop for the night after checking at the murder site one last time. Even though there had been no sign of Audrey anywhere, Mulder had a gut feeling that she was still alive. She had to be for Scully's sake.

>

> "NO!" Audrey screamed jumping up suddenly. She backed away from her startled captor. As soon as he realized what had happened, he started towards her with the knife again. But this time Audrey was ready.

> "Stop right there!" she shouted, recalling the cops show she had seen a few weeks ago.

> "Get back here!" Krotsky growled. "You need to be reunited with Carilyn. You need her!"

> "No. Leave me alone. Stop there!"

> Krotsky halted when he saw her draw up a gun from the pocket in her robe.

> Audrey smiled despite the conditions. She finally had control of what was going on. She had found the gun in her pocket when she tripped. It had hurt when she fell on it, and she knew she was going to have a bruise for weeks, but now she could protect herself or at least stall for time if the gun wasn't loaded.

> "You don't know what you are doing Audrey, drop the gun." Krotsky said.

> "No, you're wrong. You don't know what you're doing. You need help." Audrey said trying to steady her voice.

> "You need to end your grieving. You don't have to go on hurting. You can see Carilyn again, Audrey! Don't you understand? You don't have to live without her!"

> "Carilyn is dead!" Audrey said, growing nervous. Krotsky was slowly inching towards her.

> "You can see her again. I know how you can see her again. I can help you."

> "Stay there or I'll shoot!" cried Audrey. "She's dead. Carilyn is dead because you killed her. You murdered her! You ended her life!"

> "Carilyn needed to be with her parents. She was lost without them,

she needed them. Just like you need her."

> At that, Krotsky sprang. Audrey screamed and pulled the trigger on the gun. Nothing happened. It wasn't loaded. As she crashed to the ground from the impact of Krotsky, she felt her leg break from the weird angle in was crushed in. She let out another shriek as she felt the knife brush her skin.

> "ALAN KRODSKY, STOP RIGHT THERE! DROP THE KNIFE OR WE'LL SHOOT!"

> Both Audrey and Krotsky looked up to see Mulder and Scully with their guns drawn, pointing strait at Krotsky.

> "SHE NEEDS TO BE REUNITED WITH CARILYN!" Krotsky screamed and drew the knife up ready to stab it into Audrey.

> "NO!" screamed Audrey, Scully, and Mulder.

> A shot rang out from both Mulder and Scully's guns and it was over.

>

>TWO DAYS LATER
KIMSTON HOSPITAL, ROOM 203

>12:23 PM

> "Feeling better?"

> Audrey nodded and gave Scully a small smile. "Yeah, thanks. Those are pretty."

> "I thought you'd might like them." Scully said as she arranged the flowers she and Mulder had brought to cheer up the hospital room Audrey was staying in.

> The poor girl had cuts and bruises all over as well as a broken leg and a stab wound in her left arm. One of the bullets fired had hit Krotsky in the arm and the other had hit him in the shoulder changing the knife's path from Audrey's chest to her arm.

> "What happened to Krotsky?" asked Audrey after admiring the various flowers next to her bed.

> "Well, he'll be in the hospital for a while from the bullet wounds, but afterwards he's going to be admitted into a mental hospital. He'll be under suicide watch and undergo therapy."

> Audrey nodded. "I'm glad he won't be able to kill anyone else."

> "Yeah." Scully gave the girl a small smile. "So am I."

> "Hey."

> The two looked up to see Mulder saunter into the room.

> "How're you feeling? You'll be able to go home with your dad tomorrow," Mulder said, his hands stuffed into his pockets.

> "That' s good," Audrey said with a smile. "I'm ready to get outta this place."

> "And?" Scully said sensing that Mulder had something else to say

> Mulder looked at his partner then shifted his gaze to the girl.

"Audrey, your Mom died last night. The injection Krotsky gave her was lethal and the doctors couldn't do anything to counteract it. I'm sorry, Audrey."

> Scully studied the girl who sat there staring at nothing taking in what Mulder said. The poor thing, subject to so much pain in just a few days.

> "I'm so sorry," Scully whispered, squeezing her hand.

> At that moment, Mr. Spencer let himself into the room.

> "Did you tell her?"

> Mulder nodded.

> He nodded in return.

> Scully and Mulder said goodbye to the two, leaving them to deal with whatever came next.

>

>9:42 PM

> "Case closed," said Mulder as Scully finished typing up the report for Skinner on her laptop. He looked at his partner in the seat next to him. "You okay?"

> "Yeah," said Scully looking out of the window into the night sky. "Audrey will be okay, won't she?"

> "Yeah," said Mulder giving Scully's hand a reassuring squeeze. "She's a strong girl. She managed to survive Alan Krodsky didn't she?"

> Scully nodded.

> "She still has her father too. She'll be just fine. Don't worry about it."

> Satisfied, Scully closed her eyes and settled in for the ride back home.

>

>KIMSTON HOSPITAL, ROOM 203
 Audrey looked out of the window from her hospital bed into the night sky thinking about the events of the past few days. Even though she missed her mother and Carilyn, Audrey knew life would and would go on. She closed her eyes, ready to sleep with a reassuring feeling that she would be reunited with them someday. Someday.
>

> End

>

>

End
file.